Packed full of TV fun and thrills.

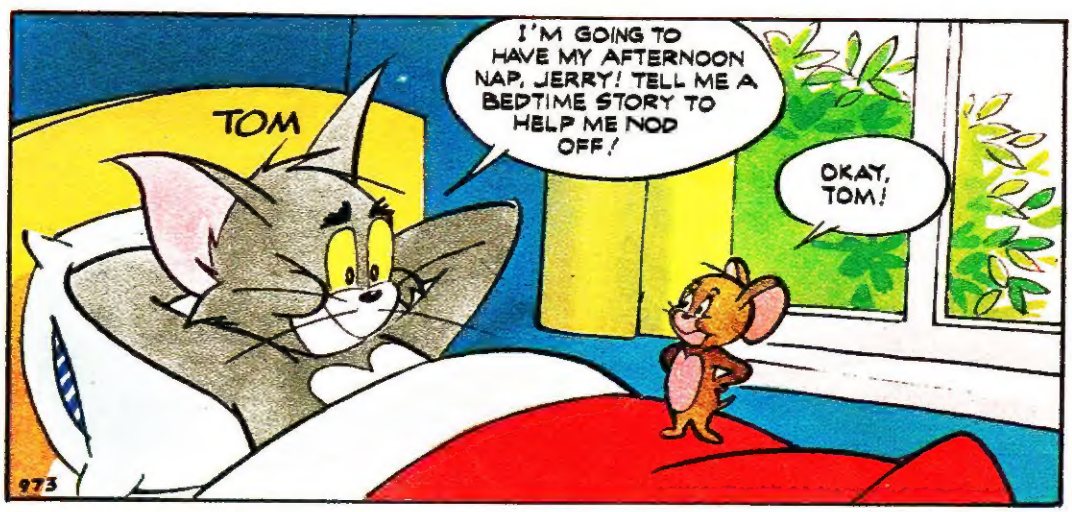
TV COMIC

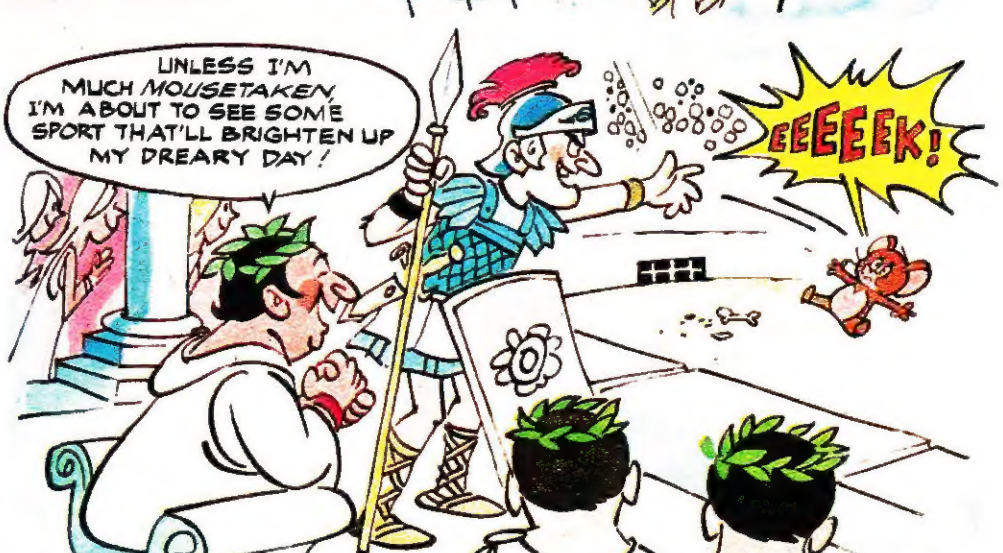
8d

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 8th August, 1970 | Number 973

TOM and JERRY





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Turn to page 2 for 'Jerrius Mouseous.'

DON'T FANCY HIS CHANCES...HE'LL SOON BE MINCED MOUSE!
I LOVE STORIES LIKE THIS!
JAB!
HAW! HAW! GREAT! THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE SEEN IN YEARS...THAT MOUSE SHALL SIT AT MY RIGHT HAND!
CAESAR AND THE LITTLE MOUSE BECAME GREAT FRIENDS AND THEY WOULD RIDE IN THE EMPEROR'S CHARIOT FOR HOURS ON END, UNTIL ONE DAY THE GREAT EMPEROR BECAME FED UP WITH RULING ROME AND DECIDED TO RETIRE...
I'M FED UP WITH RULING ROME... YOU CAN BE EMPEROR IN MY PLACE! I CROWN YOU JERRIUS MOUSEOUS... EMPEROR OF ALL ROME!
EMPEROR JERRIUS MOUSEOUS CHANGED ALL THE ROMAN LAWS AND DECREED THAT CATS SHOULD DO ALL THE HORRIBLE TASKS...
LIKE COLLECTING RUBBISH!
AND BUILDING CHEESE MONUMENTS TO THEIR MASTER!
YOU'RE WIDE AWAKE! MY STORY WAS SUPPOSED TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP!
IF I CATCH HOLD OF YOU I'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP! FANCY TELLING ME A MISERABLE STORY LIKE THAT!
HE! HE! HE! TIME I WENT FOR A FAST 'ROME' IN THE GARDEN!

Next week Tom feels edgy on the cliff edge.

TV Terrors
COR! THAT LOOKS LIKE A SMASHING PICTURE... CASTLES AND BATTERING RAMS AND THINGS!
PAY HERE
STALLS
CIRCLE
NOW SHOWING
IF BATTERING RAMS COULD GET INTO CASTLES IT SHOULD BE A PICNIC GETTING PAST HOPPIT WITH ONE!
YEOW! THAT'S AN IDEA!
SO LATER...
CHARGE!
YIKES!
S...SOMEHOW... ER..I DON'T THINK THE TERRORS ARE LOOKING FOR AN OUTSIZE PENCIL SHARPENER!
IN OLDEN DAYS THEY USED BOILING OIL TO REPEL ATTACKERS ... BUT, TODAY, THIS ORDINARY HAIR OIL WILL HAVE TO DO!
SLICK
HELP! WHAT'S HOPPIT UP TO?
HEH! HEH! HEH!
GLUG! GLUG!
HELP! HELP! IT'S OIL!
SLIPPERY OIL!
VERY SLIPPERY OIL!
WHOOOSH!
PEEP! PEEP! OVERTAKING!
LUMME! WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?
GOOD DAY, LADY AND GENTLEMEN! DO CALL AGAIN!
STUDIO REAR ENTRANCE
HELP! WE'RE GOING OUT AGAIN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR!
?
CRASH!
TINKLE!
TINKLE!
OH, NO!
STAFF CAR PARK
IT WAS HIM, MISTER PRODUCER!
MY CAR!
GULP!
GRR! OPEN UP, YOU COWARD! OPEN UP AND LET ME GET AT YOU!
B-BUT, PRODUCER SIR! I...I C...CAN EXPLAIN, SIR!
HA! HA! HA!
THUMP!
BASH!
SMASHING! THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN THE PICTURES!

Hoppit ' hops it ' in clown's boots next week.

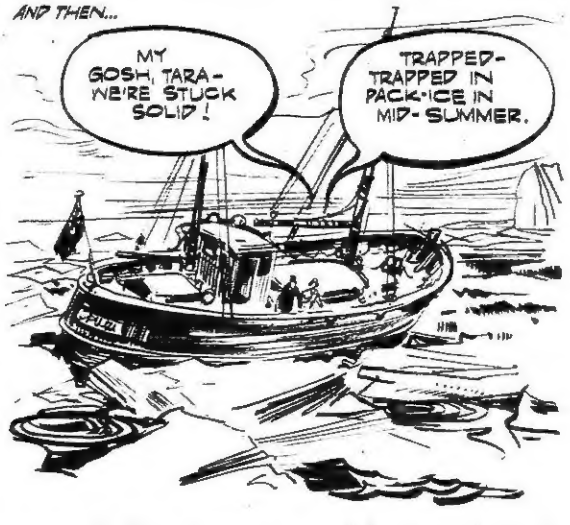
THE AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara King are investigating the disappearance of Britain's latest bomber. Freak storms are occurring in the British Isles, and Doctor Weatherby, a famous meteorologist, has also vanished—the trail leads to northern Scotland.

STEED AND TARA ARRIVE AT THE KYLE OF ERROL...
THIS IS INCRED'B-E STEED- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE MID-DLE OF SUMMER.
YES, AND IT'S HARDLY SURPRISING NOBODY'S ABOUT - MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOMEONE AT THE HARBOUR.
973

TH'GUID FOLK HERE HAVE A MIND IT'S THE COMIN' O' THE ICE-AGE AGAIN-THERE'S SOMETHING AWFU' STRANGE HAPPENIN'OOT YONDER TAE THE NORTH!

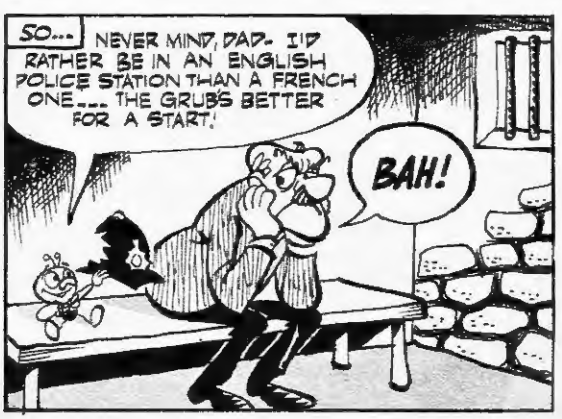
AND AN HOUR LATER...
OF COURSE I DO, TARA - IT'S JUST A MATTER OF KEEPING THE SHARP END POINTING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION - BUT VISIBILITY IS GETTING POOR, YOU'D BETTER GO ON FORARD LOOKOUT!
ARE - ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, STEED?



Based on the Thames Television production

Pack-ice in midsummer? Read next week's instalment.

MIGHTY MOTH



Mighty makes a 'dummy' out of ventriloquist Dad next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE has made two spells which have caused a lot of trouble and swept him out to sea. He has been rescued by Carrot and his father in a sailing dinghy, but the wind is blowing them further out to sea . . .

SO CATWEAZLE THINKS OF ANOTHER SPELL...
O WHITE WINGS, FILL WITH WIND TO TAKE US HOME...
MAKE HIM SIT DOWN, CARROT... HE'LL TIP THE BOAT OVER IF HE LOSES HIS BALANCE.
973

THE BOAT SLIPS THROUGH A RAINSQUALL WHICH BLOTS OUT THE VIEW...
CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING AHEAD?
NOT MUCH, DAD... BUT THERE'S A BLUR THAT MIGHT BE LAND...

WHEN THEY RECOVER...
WELL, WE'RE ASHORE ALL RIGHT, BUT THE BOAT'S DAMAGED.. AND I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT!
FEAR NOT, KIND MASTER, NOW WILL I CAST ME ANOTHER SPELL TO...

BUT MR. BENNET IS NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ANY MORE SPELLS...
IF I SEE YOU ANYWHERE NEAR MY FARM IN FUTURE I'LL CAST YOU INTO THE DUCK POND...!
OW! OUCH! O BASE INGRATITUDE.

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What has four legs and two tails ? See next week.

Bob Monkhouse's

MAD MOVIES

featuring

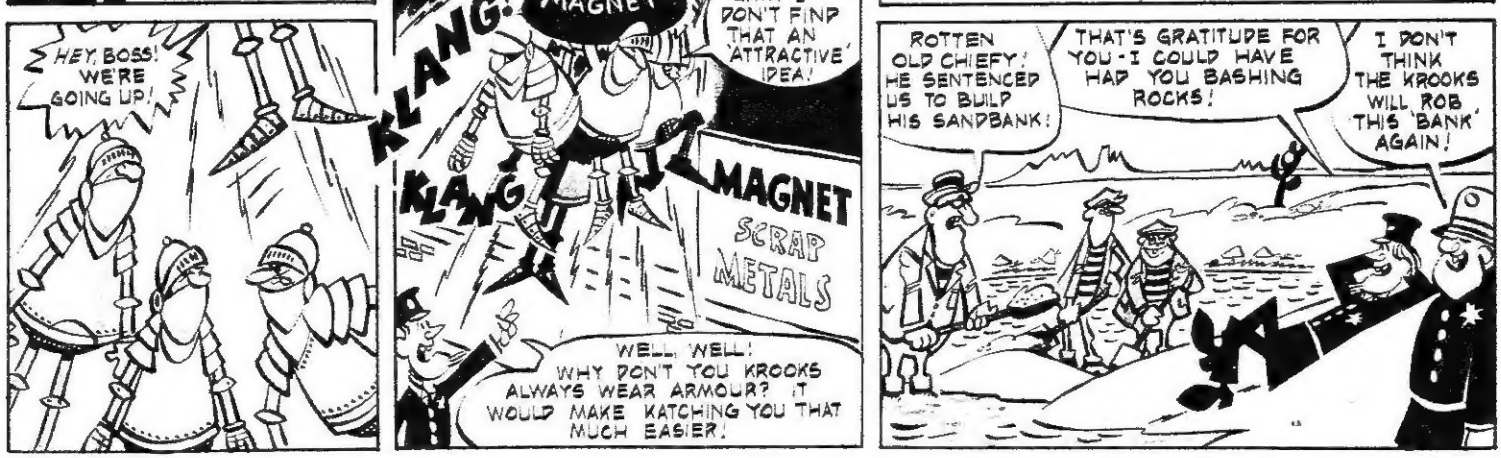
the Keystone Kops

GAWSH! IT'S GREAT TO GET A DAY OFF! I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SOAKING UP SOME SUN!
TO THE RIVER
THERE'S A LOVELY LITTLE SANDBANK IN THE RIVER! IT'S MY FAVOURITE SPOT!
SAND

YEEIKES! IT ISN'T THERE... SOMEONE'S NICKED IT!
HOWDY, CHIEFY! HAW-HAW!
HELP! IT'S THE KROCKS! THEY'RE ROBBING A SANDBANK NOW! MY SANDBANK!
WE WON'T HAVE TO GO TO THE SEASIDE ANYMORE! WE HAVE OUR OWN PRIVATE BEACH!

YOU HAD A BEACH, BOSS! NOW YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
YAAGH! YOU KAN'T ARREST A FELLAH WHEN HE'S ON HOLIDAY - KAN YOU?
ER - WE KAN'T GO THROUGH TOWN LIKE THIS, KOP! KAN WE PUT ON OUR SUITS?
OH, ALL RIGHT! BUT, NO FUNNY BUSINESS!
WHAT GOES ON IN THERE?
KLAWK! KLAWK! KLANK!

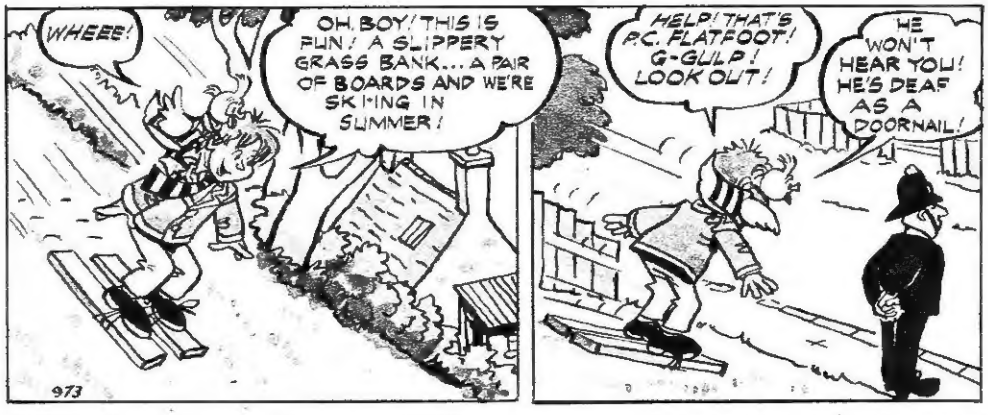
HELP! IT WAS SUITS OF ARMOUR THEY WERE PUTTING ON!
THAT'S RIGHT, KOP! AND THOSE POP-GUNS WILL BE USELESS NOW! HO-HO!
STONE THE KROWS!
HO! HO!
HEH-HEH!
HELP! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE KROCKS WHO RAIDED THE MUSEUM LAST WEEK! OUCH!
TEE-HEE!

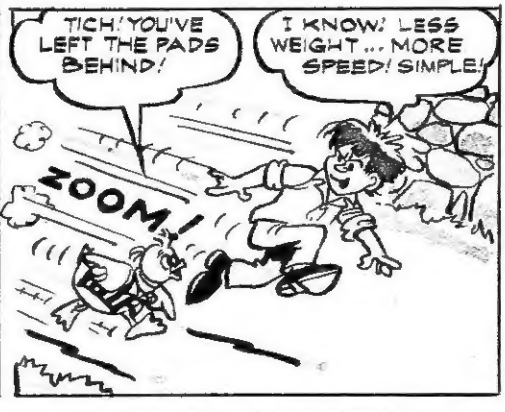

HEY, BOSS! WE'RE GOING UP!
KLANG!
MAGNET
GRR! I DON'T FIND THAT AN 'ATTRACTIVE' IDEA!
KLANG
MAGNET
SCRAP METALS
WELL 'WELL! WHY DON'T YOU KROOKS ALWAYS WEAR ARMOUR? IT WOULD MAKE KATCHING YOU THAT MUCH EASIER!
ROTTEN OLD CHIEFY! HE SENTENCED US TO BUILD HIS SANDBANK!
THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU - I COULD HAVE HAD YOU BASHING ROCKS!
I DON'T THINK THE KROOKS WILL ROB THIS 'BANK' AGAIN!

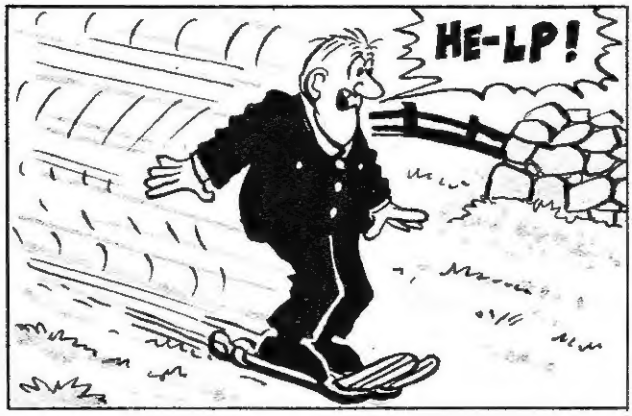
Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Kackles knext week with smoke signals from kar.

Tich and Quackers


WHEEE!
OH, BOY! THIS IS FUN! A SLIPPERY GRASS BANK... A PAIR OF BOARDS AND WE'RE SKI-ING IN SUMMER!
973
HELP! THAT'S P.C. FLATFOOT! G-GULP! LOOK OUT!
HE WON'T HEAR YOU! HE'S DEAF AS A DOORNAIL!





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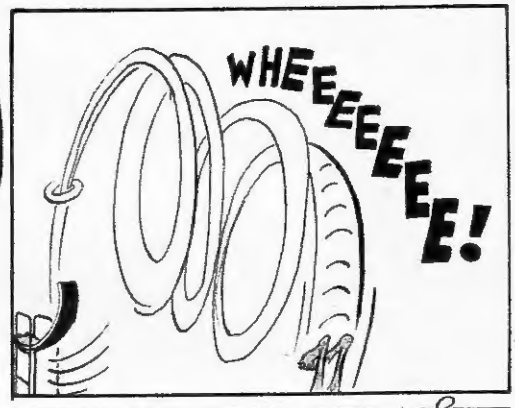
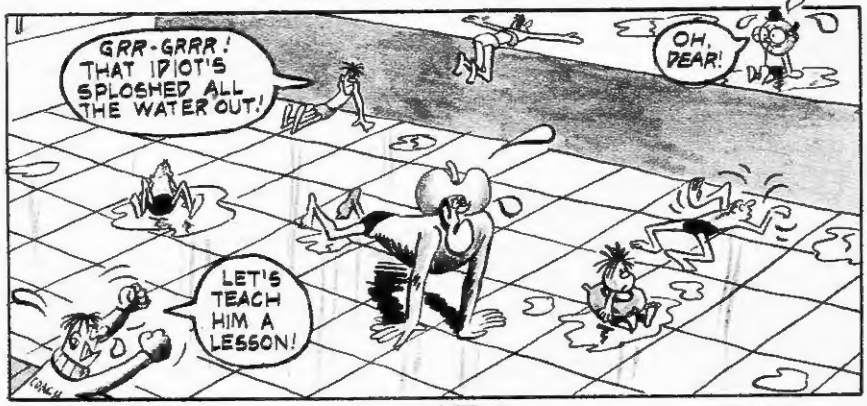
Based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

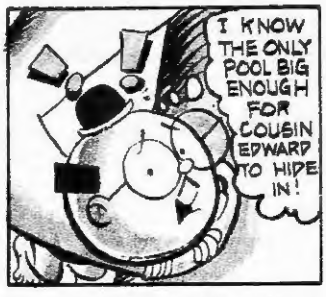
Wakey-Wakey! Our pals are at a holiday camp next week.

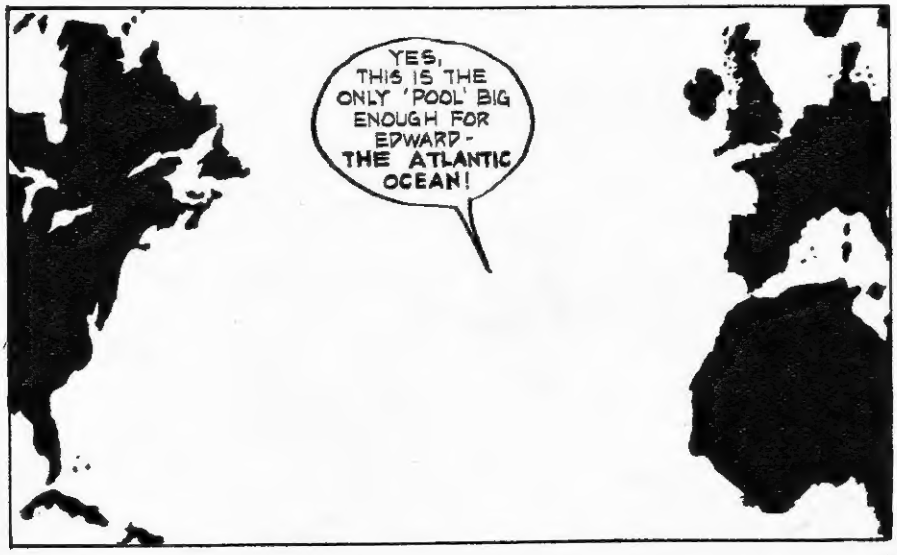
TEXAS TED

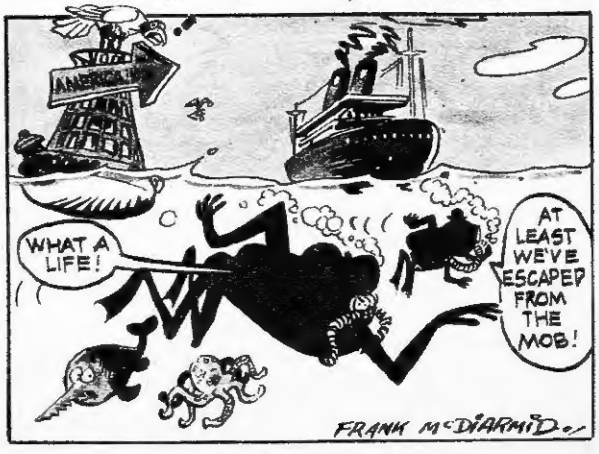
Big hat, big head











Keep 'tabs' on Ted and Tabby next week.

BASIL BRUSH

I SAY - LOOK AT THIS, CHUMMERS! I THINK I COULD MANAGE A COUPLE OF MILES! IT'S IN A GOOD CAUSE!

GRAND SPONSORED RUN IN AID OF CHARITY THE SPONSORS WILL GIVE £1 FOR EACH MILE RUN

ER - I DON'T MIND DOIN' A TANNER'S WORTH, GUV!

REALLY, CHUMMERS - HAVE YOU NO HEART?

IT'S NOT ME HEART, GUV - IT'S ME FEET! ME BUNIONS ARE KILLIN' ME, THESE DAYS!

I'LL SOON FIX UP YOUR FEET, OLD CHUM! YOU CAN'T WHACK SALT WATER FOR TONING UP THE OLD TOOTSIES!

I SAY - YOU LOOK POSITIVELY GREEN ABOUT THE GILLS, LADDIE! DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?

IT'S ALL THAT SALT WATER, GUV! IT'S MAKING ME SEASICK!

NOT TO WORRY, CHUMMERS! YOU'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RAIN IN THE MORNING! GOODNIGHT!

I EXPECT SO, GUV! GOODNIGHT!

NEXT MORNING...

HO-HUM! ANOTHER DAY DAWNS! I'D BETTER SEE HOW POOR OLD CHUMMERS IS THIS MORNING!

MOAN! GROAN!

OH, DEAR! THE POOR CHAP REALLY *IS* ILL! I SHALL HAVE TO GO ON THE RUN BY MYSELF!

A COUPLE OF QUID'S WORTH THEN BACK TO TEND CHUMMERS!

MUNCH! TEE HEE! SLURP!

GREAT NOSHING NOISES! WHO CAN THAT BE?

HO-HO! I COMPLETELY FOOLED THE GUV! HE REALLY THOUGHT I WAS ILL!

CHUMMERS!

HELP! THINK OF ME BUNIONS, GUV! MERCY!

GRR! I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO MAKE A FOOL OF OLD BASIL! WHEN I CATCH YOU, I'LL .....

BY GOLLY! THESE TWO CHAPPIES JUST CAN'T WAIT TO GET STARTED!

SPONSORED RUN START

JUST LOOK AT THEM GO! THEY MUST HAVE DONE FIVE MILES ALREADY!

TEN MILES LATER...

WELL DONE, CHAPS! TEN MILES EACH! THAT'S TWENTY QUID YOU'VE EARNED FOR CHARITY!

GASP! T-TWENTY QUID?

I COULDN'T THUMP CHUMMERS NOW - EVEN IF I WANTED TO! GASP!

BE A GOOD CHAP AND PASS THE SALT, CHUMMERS!

I PROMISE, GUV - I'LL NEVER BE SEASICK AGAIN! MOAN!

THROB! THROB! THROB!

Chuckles bloom next week with Basil among the blooming flowers!

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

SOMETIMES when I'm on holiday I go out with one of the fishermen to catch lobsters. We take the boat out to where there are lots of rocks. Lobsters like to live around the rocks.

DO YOU CATCH MANY LOBSTERS?

I DON'T CATCH ANY LOBSTERS, THE LOBSTERS CATCH THEMSELVES!

I SAY, SOMEONE'S LEFT SUCH A NICE PIECE OF FISH IN THAT PICNIC BASKET!

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT?

IT'S EASY. YOU JUST CLIMB UP HERE AND DROP DOWN THAT HOLE!

I MUST SAY YOU ARE BRAINY.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET OUT?

I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT!

GOOD EVENING. TURNED OUT NICE AGAIN.

IT'S ALL A ROTTEN TRICK, A ROTTEN TRICK!

Next week Johnny Morris tells you about cormorants.

ASTRONUT

ON MARS..
I DON'T LIKE THE MARTIAN KING AND HE DOESN'T LIKE ME!
BUT I'M BIGGER THAN HE IS, SO WHENEVER I SEE HIM, I BOUNCE ON HIM!
OOOPH!
BAH! THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! I'M GOING TO GET RID OF THAT BIG BOUNCING BOBO IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
AND SO... AS YOUR KING I COMMAND YOU TO RID MARS OF THE BOUNCING BOBO! HE KEEPS LANDING ON ME! I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF IT!
LEAVE HIM TO ME, SIRE! I'LL SEE HE DOESN'T TROUBLE YOU AGAIN!
I'LL SWELL MYSELF UP LIKE A BALLOON UNTIL I LOOK LIKE A BOUNCING BOBO... THEN I'LL GO AND MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE BIG TROUBLE-MAKER!
SOUNDS LIKE A CUNNING PLAN, ASTRO!
SO, A LITTLE LATER....
IT'S SO NICE TO BUMP INTO SOMEBODY ELSE WHO GETS AROUND BY BOUNCING! WHAT SAY WE BECOME PALS?
SUPER! I'VE NEVER HAD A BUDDY BEFORE!
THIS CAVE LEADS DOWN INTO A NETWORK OF UNDERGROUND CAVERNS! LET'S EXPLORE, BOBO!
DER, OKAY, ASTRO!
DEEP IN THE CAVES...
HEY! COME BACK HERE... DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND! I'LL BE LOST!
THAT'S THE IDEA!
HE'LL NEVER FIND HIS WAY OUT OF THERE! I'LL REPORT BACK TO THE KING WITH THE GOOD NEWS!
SO, YOU WON'T HAVE BOBO LANDING ON YOU ANY MORE, SIRE! I LOST HIM IN THE CAVERNS.. ER UNDERNEATH THE PALACE IT'LL TAKE HIM YEARS TO FIND HIS WAY OUT!
UNDER THE PALACE, DID YOU SAY? (GULP!)
RUMBLE
CRACH! CRASH!
BUMP!
BAH! WITH BOBO BOUNCING AROUND IN THOSE CAVERNS I'M GONNA HAVE THE WHOLE PALACE LANDING ON ME PIECE BY PIECE FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS! I'M WORSE OFF THAN I WAS BEFORE!
SHUDDER!
OH, MY!
THINK WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE KING LANDS ME ONE, OSCAR!

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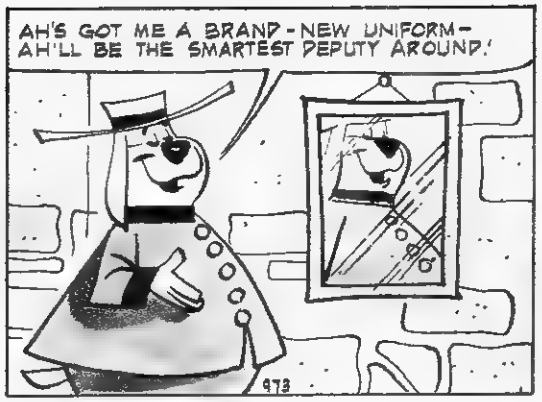
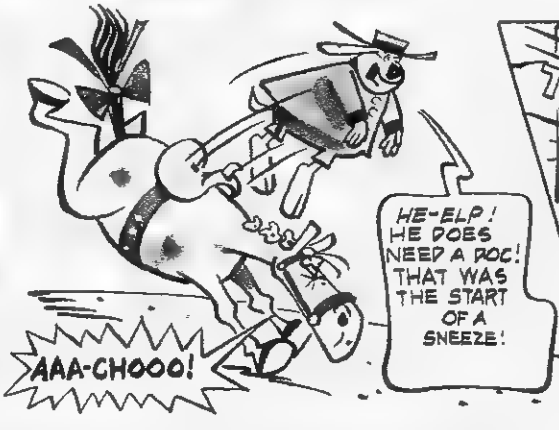
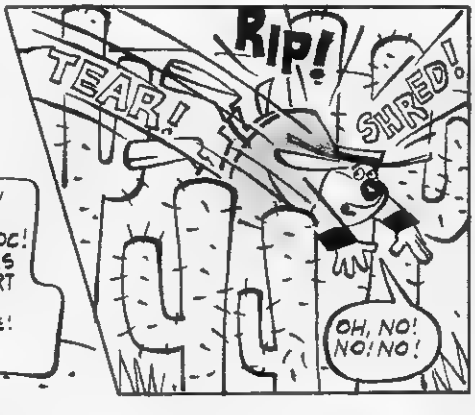
Big laughs when Oscar grows big ears next week.

Deputy Dawg







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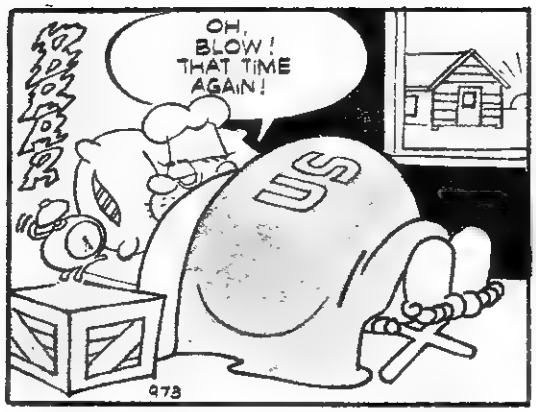
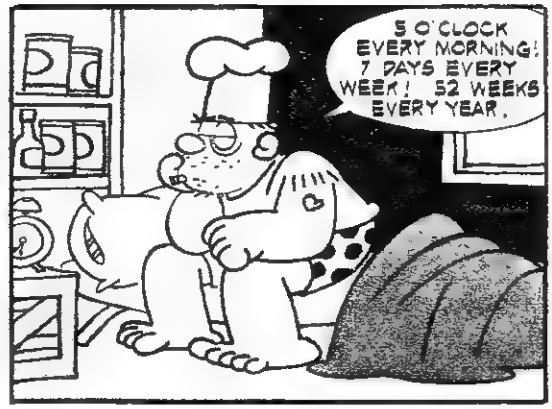
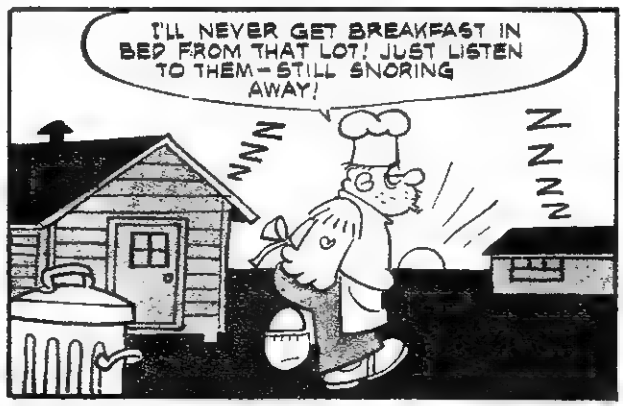
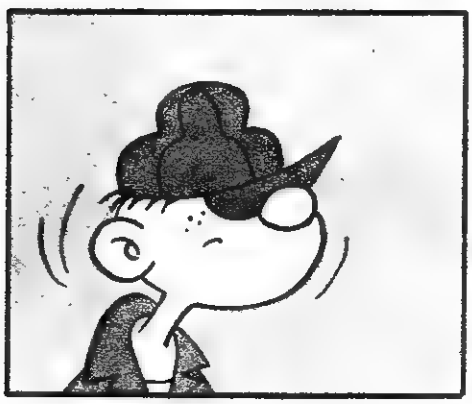
You can ' bank ' on laughs next week when Deputy guards bank gold!

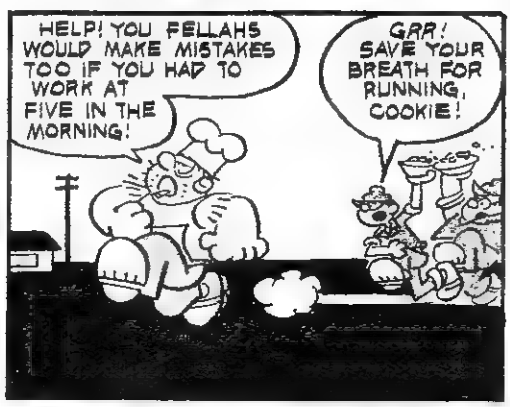
BEETLE BAILEY

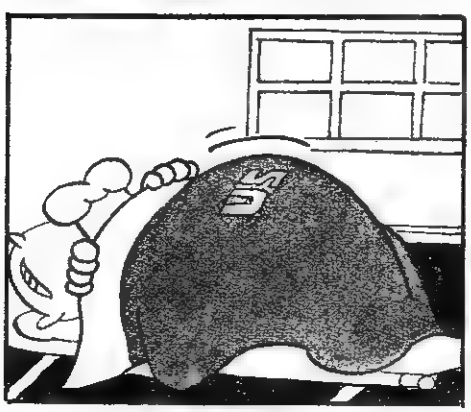












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More military mirth next week.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
EDUCATING DAFFY
BOY AM I HUNGRY! I WISH I WAS EDUCATED. THEN I MIGHT KNOW HOW TO GET SOME FOOD!
GROWL!
WELL, I'M NOT SO BRIGHT MYSELF... BUT I THINK I COULD TEACH YOU TO READ! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE SCHOOL HOUSE AND I'LL EDUCATE YOU!
OKAY, WHY NOT? IT'S WORTH TRYING!
SCHOOL
OKAY, HERE'S YOUR FIRST LESSON.... REPEAT AFTER ME... "THE CAT SAT ON THE MAT EATING SPRAT"!
PLEASE! LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT FOOD AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
AND EVEN IF YOU HAVE TO...WHY CAN'T IT BE ABOUT A DUCK STUCK ON A TRUCK AND EATING HIS TUCK!
HEY! COOL IT, WILL YOU! IT'S ONLY A STORY WE'RE READING!
YOU'RE A ROTTEN TEACHER! YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT FOOD! I WANT SOMEBODY ELSE TO TEACH ME!
HOO BOY!
SCHOOL
LEAVE IT TO ME, SYLVESTER. I THINK I KNOW HOW TO TEACH HIM!
NOW, REPEAT AFTER ME. "MR BARROT GAVE THE PARROT A BIG FAT CARROT"!
NOW THE PARROTS ARE GETTING ALL THE FOOD! HOW ABOUT US DUCKS?
SO...
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, SYLVESTER. THAT DUCK IS UNTEACHABLE! PHEW!
SAY! YOU CRITTERS BEST LEAVE THIS HERE EDDYFICATIN' STUFF TO ME!
SO...
SEE HERE, DUCK, YOU POINTS YER PISTOLS AND YOU SAYS.... 'MORNIN' MAM. THE NAME IS SAM... GIMME THE HAM"!
EVERYBODY KEEPS TALKING ABOUT FOOD! I'M GOING MAD!
RUN FER IT, YOU CRITTERS... I JUST MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE AND GAVE THAT DUCK MA PISTOLS!
BAM BAM BAM!
HEY! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA! WHO NEEDS TO BE CLEVER WHEN HE'S GOT GUNS LIKE THESE? ALL I NEED IS A GOOD DISGUISE AND A WELL STOCKED GROCERY STORE!
SO...
I CAN'T SEE A THING THROUGH THESE DARK GLASSES... AH, GOOD! I CAN FEEL THE DOOR! THIS MUST BE THE GROCERY STORE!
OKAY! START HANDING OVER SOME FOOD COZ THIS IS A STICK-UP AND I'M A DESPERATE VILLAIN!
REWARD
ARE YE NOW? WELL, AREN'T YOU THE LUCKY ONE! YE'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!
COZ THIS IS THE POLICE STATION AND THERES NOTHING WE'D LIKE BETTER THAN TO FEED A NICE DUCK LIKE YERSELF AND LOCK YOU UP!
GULP!
HEY, HOW COME AN UNEDUCATED, STUPID DUCK LIKE YOU MANAGES TO BE GIVEN ALL THAT LOVELY GRUB?
I DUNNO REALLY...? JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!

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Don't miss the ' pwetty-putey-tat ' next week.

Pick of the Jokes

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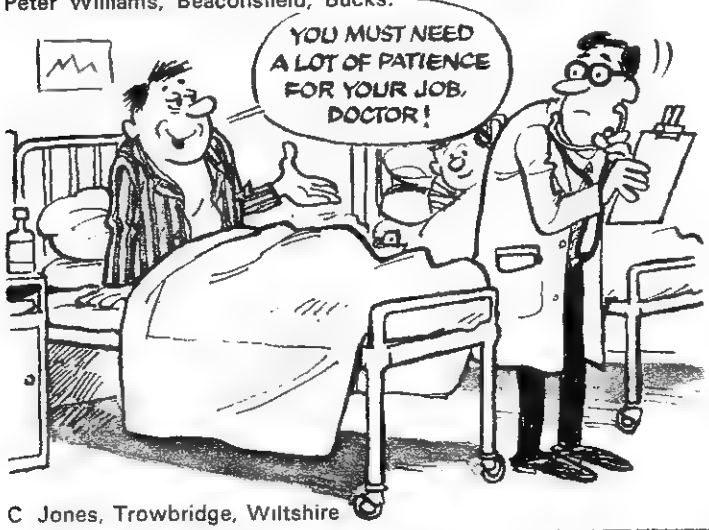

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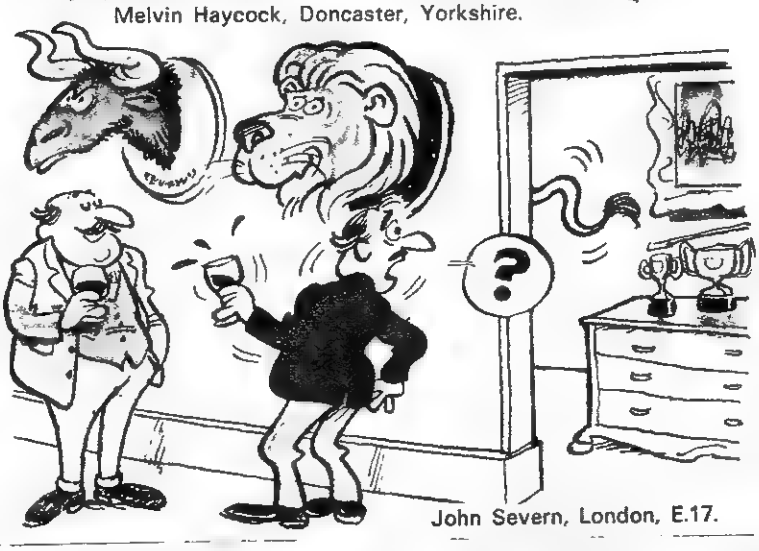

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Larry Harmon's LAUREL & HARDY

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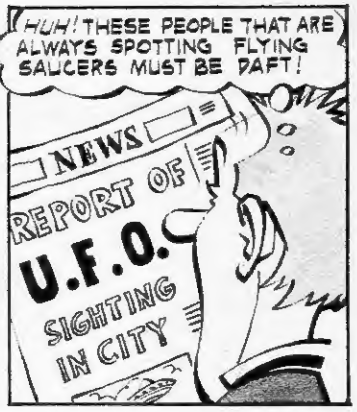
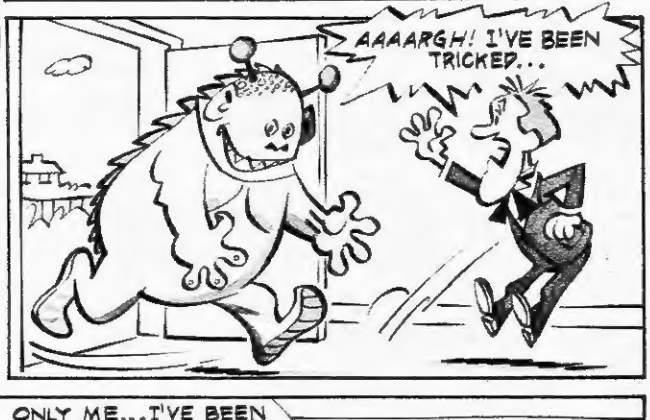
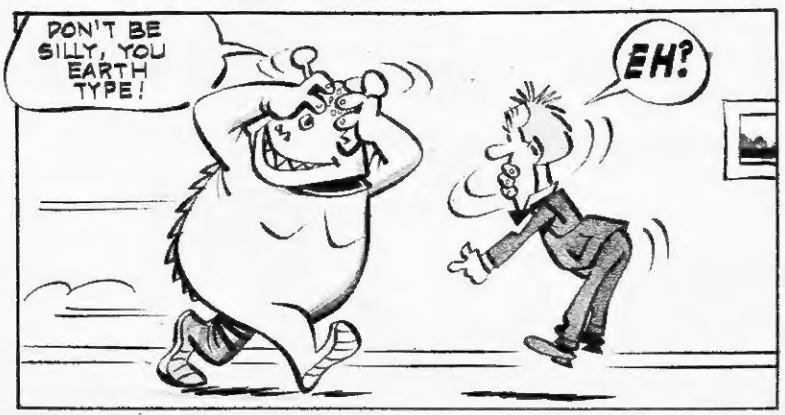
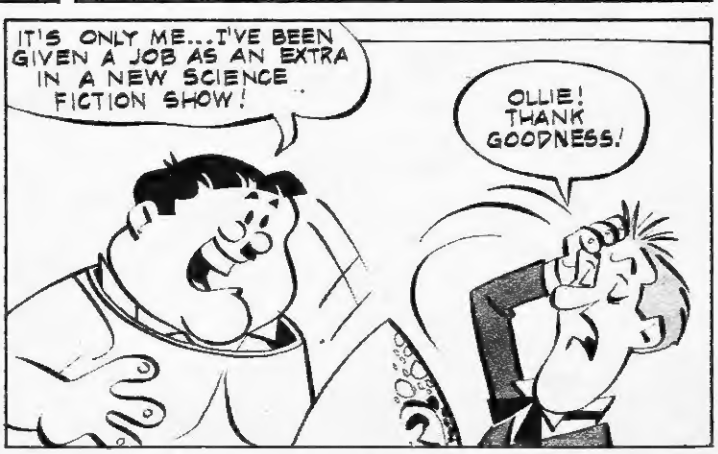
I'M OFF TO TRY FOR A JOB AT THE LOCAL TV STUDIO, STAN!
OKAY, OLLIE! THINK I'LL GO THROUGH THE PAPER AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY WORK IN MY LINE!
973









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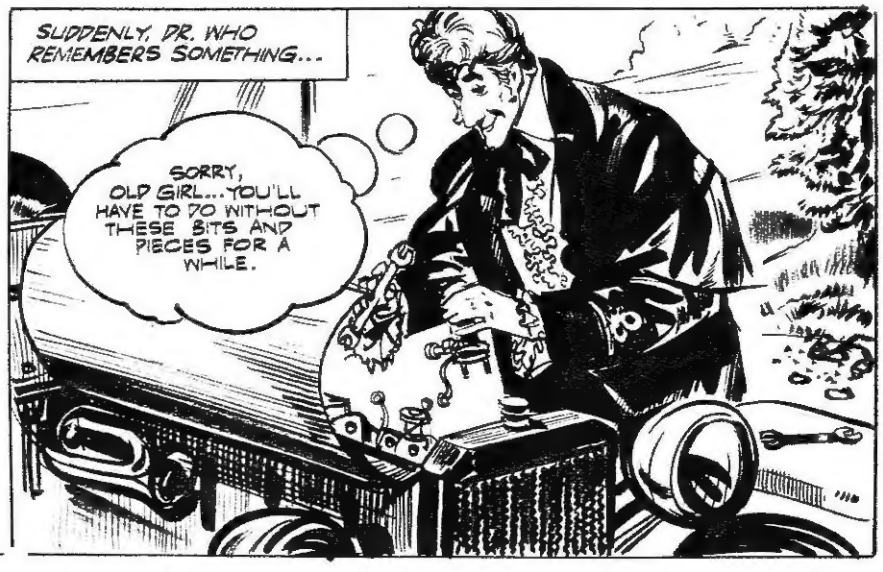
DOCTOR WHO

DR. WHO is asked to examine rock samples claimed to have been brought back from the planet Venus by a British space project. The doctor knows the rocks come from the Nevada Desert and he goes to the castle home of the space project's director, Professor Logan . . .

973
IT'S MY WORD AGAINST YOUR RIDICULOUS STORY, DOCTOR. WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN TO VENUS?
THAT DOES NOT MATTER - BOTH YOU AND I KNOW THOSE ROCKS ARE NOT WHAT YOU SAY THEY ARE!

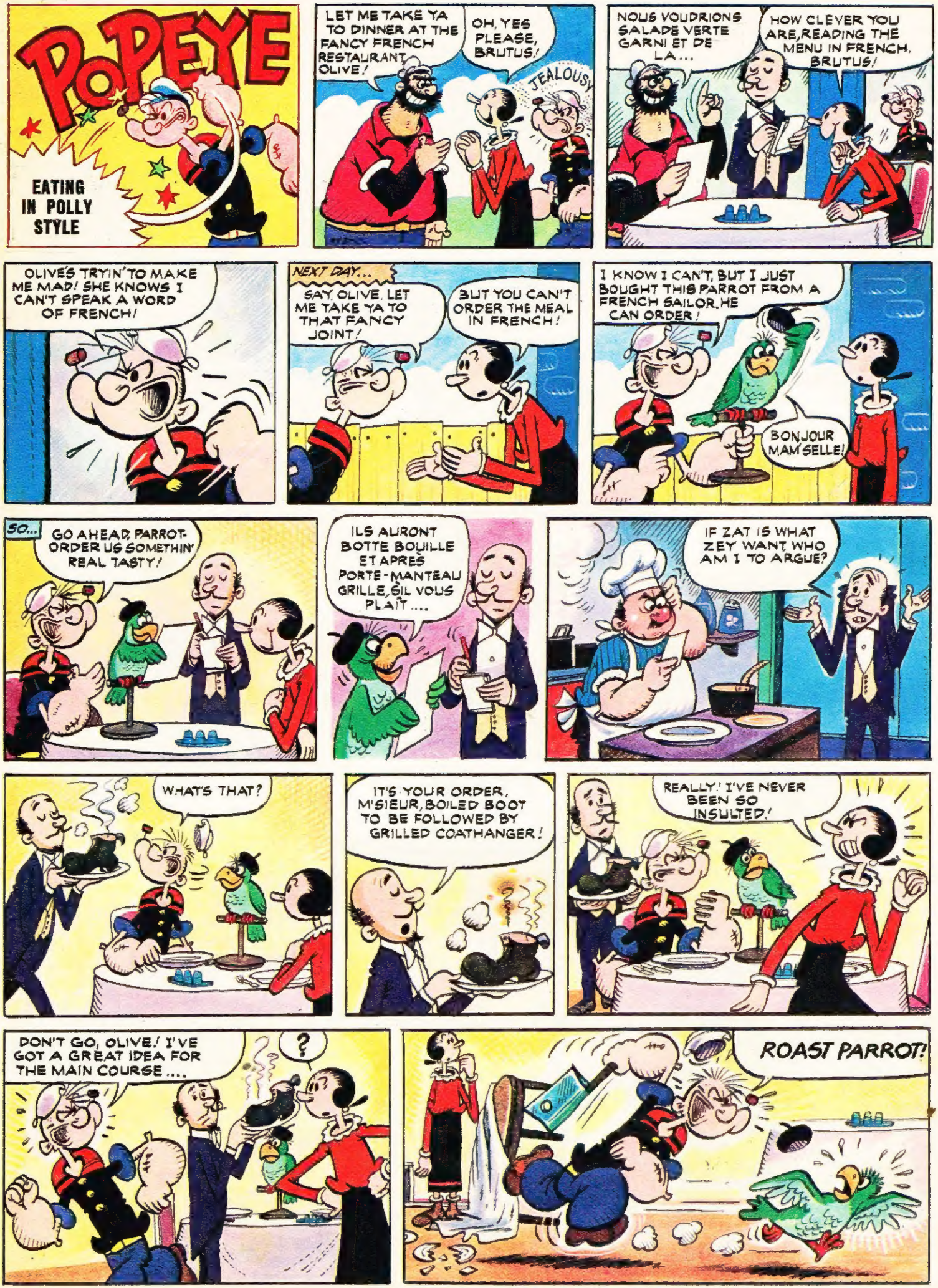
THE PROFESSOR CALLS IN SOME GUARDS...
GO BACK TO LONDON, DOCTOR...YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME. AND I SUGGEST YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT... OR THEY'LL PUT YOU AWAY.
WE SHALL SEE!

DOCTOR WHO IS NOT GOING TO GIVE UP SO EASILY...
I HAVE TO KNOW WHY THE PROFESSOR IS TRYING TO DECEIVE THE GOVERNMENT. IF I COULD TALK TO THOSE ASTRONAUTS AT THE LAUNCHING PAD...



AN HOUR LATER...
THERE! RATHER PRIMITIVE, BUT IT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
HALT! OH, IT'S YOU, DOCTOR. WE HAVE ORDERS TO KEEP YOU OUT!
THAT'S FUNNY, I HAVE THE SAME PLANS FOR YOU...
DON'T WORRY... THE SUSPENDED ANIMATION WILL ONLY LAST AN HOUR OR SO. YOU WILL FEEL NO AFTER-EFFECTS.
USING HIS HASTILY PREPARED DEVICE, DOCTOR WHO REACHES THE QUARANTINE CHAMBER...
HEY! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE!
THE LITTLE GAME IS OVER, GENTLEMEN. I KNOW YOU HAVE NOT BEEN TO VENUS. THE NEAREST YOU CAME TO IT WAS A QUICK ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DON'T BE STUPID... WHATEVER THE PROFESSOR IS PAYING YOU WILL BE WORTHLESS WHEN YOU ARE FOUND OUT!
SUDDENLY...
I IMAGINED YOU WOULD TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS, DOCTOR. I'M AFRAID THERE IS NO MORE SPACE FOR YOU ON THIS EARTH!
NEXT SECOND, THE PROFESSOR SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

Is this the end for Doctor Who ?


POPEYE
EATING IN POLLY STYLE
LET ME TAKE YA TO DINNER AT THE FANCY FRENCH RESTAURANT, OLIVE!
OH, YES PLEASE, BRUTUS!
JEALOUSY
NOUS VOUDRIONS SALADE VERTE GARNI ET DE LA...
HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, READING THE MENU IN FRENCH, BRUTUS!
OLIVE'S TRYIN' TO MAKE ME MAD! SHE KNOWS I CAN'T SPEAK A WORD OF FRENCH!
NEXT DAY...
SAY, OLIVE, LET ME TAKE YA TO THAT FANCY JOINT!
BUT YOU CAN'T ORDER THE MEAL IN FRENCH!
I KNOW I CAN'T, BUT I JUST BOUGHT THIS PARROT FROM A FRENCH SAILOR. HE CAN ORDER!
BONJOUR MAM'SELLE!
SO...
GO AHEAD, PARROT- ORDER US SOMETHIN' REAL TASTY!
ILS AURONT BOTTE BOUILLE ET APRES PORTE-MANTEAU GRILLE, S'IL VOUS PLAIT....
IF ZAT IS WHAT ZEY WANT, WHO AM I TO ARGUE?
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S YOUR ORDER, M'SIEUR, BOILED BOOT TO BE FOLLOWED BY GRILLED COATHANGER!
REALLY! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO INSULTED!
DON'T GO, OLIVE! I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR THE MAIN COURSE....
?
ROAST PARROT!

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Next week you'll be laughin' when Swee'pea starts learnin'!